NARRATIVE 3

OF THE

ADVENTURES AND EXPERIENCE

OF

MRS. JOSEPHINE CLARE,

A RESIDENT OF THE SOUTH AT THE BREAKING OUT OF THE REBELLION,

HER FINAL ESCAPE FROM NATCHITOCHES, LA.,

AND

SAFE ARRIVAL AT HOME,

IN MARIETTA, PA.

LANCASTER, PA.:
PEARSOL & GEIST, PRINTERS, DAILY EXPRESS OFFICE.
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PREFACE.

In presenting this little volume to the public, the author feels it an arduous task. But may it not be read with interest, when it is impressed upon the mind of the reader that it is not mere fiction, but facts which are occurring daily among the oppressed of the South.

It is not elaborately written, but in its simplicity it can be perused by every member of the domestic household.

A NARRATIVE
OF ADVENTURES IN THE SOUTH.

PART I.

In the Spring of 1862, the rebel authorities conscripted every man between the ages of eighteen and thirty-five. Their opinions were not consulted, but at the point of the bayonet they were compelled to obey the tyrannical orders of their oppressors. But there were men then in the South whose hearts leaped for joy when the hosts of Texan Rangers and Louisiana Tigers were driven pell mell from the field of battle, and rallied again only to be driven back confusedly by the Union Army.

My husband was one of them, who with a little band of followers, convened together weekly for the purpose of making arrangements to leave Natchitoches, and force their way through to the Union lines. For success to crown their efforts, they knew they must exercise the utmost caution, for should one of the number prove traitor to them and divulge their designs, it would be death to every man.

The night for their departure was appointed, but the courage of some failed them ; for to leave all that was dear to them on earth, was a trial the bravest heart could hardly weather ; but they knew the consequences should they tarry. Fight they must in the rebel armies, if they remained there.

I told my husband that I would rather he would lose his life in attempting to get to the Union lines

than go into the rebel army and fight against the dear old flag of his country. But oh! how trying to separate. How few in the North can fully sympathize with such. To bid adieu to the dearest friend on earth, and see him go forth in a hostile country, where every traveller was liable to suspicion; where every man must alight and make known his business, or be arrested, this was a trial through which I could not pass alone. I sought aid at the footstool of sovereign mercy. In God I put my trust, and bid my husband do the same.

One Sabbath afternoon, April 27th, 1862, while I was standing on the front piazza of my dwelling, a slave appeared before me in disguise, and inquired of me if I was Mrs. Clare, to which I answered in the affirmative.

(*Negro.*) I am here to tell you that to-night the officers intend arresting your husband and all who are going with him to the Union lines.

Are you a slave? and where did you get your information?

(*Negro.*) I am a slave; but to tell you to whom I belong, I dare not, for unthinkingly you might betray me.

Well, come in the house and remain here until I go in search of some one who will take the news to them in the country where they now are.

(*Negro.*) No, I cannot come in; and it is enough for you to know what I have told you; lock your house and go in search of some trusty person who will convey the sad tidings to them. Lose no time, for if the officers get them, they will hang them.

After the negro had gone I took my little babe and went to one of my neighbors, (they were Union, or I would not have told them what had been disclosed,) and related what the negro had told me. Mr. L. said he had no horse, or he would go and inform them; to which I answered, I would get one for him.

Old Aunt Phœbe, a free negro, who lived but a short distance, owned a horse, which pastured in a field belonging to Mr. Clare. I went to her, told her Mr. L. wanted the loan of her horse, to which she readily consented. He, (Mr. L.) then went post haste to the country, and in a very short time collected the Union men together, informed them that their intentions were made known, but by whom remained a mystery. Mr. Clare could not take time to come home and bid farewell, for it was then ten o'clock at night, and no time could be lost; they did not know what moment the enemy would come upon them.

When Mr. L. returned and told me they were gone, in one sense of the word I was glad, for I knew what would be their fate should they tarry ; but when I returned to my home and found I was alone, my heart sank within me and I wept like a child. It was the first time in my life I knew what true sorrow was.

On Monday morning, April 28th, the news spread rapidly over the town, that parties of men had been sent to arrest those who were trying to evade the law. Can the reader for a moment imagine my feelings? None can but those who have gone through similar trials. Momentarily I expected to see my husband brought in town and hanged upon the tree in front of my house; and for what crime was he guilty to deserve such treatment at their hands? Simply because he was a Union man and would not fight for their cause. Fortunately they did not get him; but it was not because they did not use their utmost exertions. The hand of Divine Providence guided the footsteps of the pursued party—they were in the right.

Thus for weeks and months my mind was in a state of great anxiety. The majority of the people were under the impression that Mr. Clare did not meet with success in attempting to get away; therefore they stationed men on horseback every night around my house. They

knew he was not there, but thought he bivouacked in the country, and under the cover of darkness would return home, and leave again ere daylight dawned. Thus the reader can perceive that my situation was not an enviable one; for those despots were determined if any of their intended victims were near at hand, they should not escape. My feelings on those memorable nights can never be erased from my memory; even now, while I am writing, fancy pictures me within those walls of a home once happy, but now so wretched. Why? Because there was a vacant chair—the welcome footstep would no longer fall upon my ear. That familiar voice—ah! it was not there to cheer me through those lonely hours. The question would arise: Was it gone forever? Was there not the star of hope glimmering in the distance? Ah, yes! but how faintly could I see it. There was now but one to whom I could go. He who controls the destinies of man deigned to listen to my humble prayer. I deeply felt his outstretched hand would protect the absent one.

The Summer of 1862 will never be forgotten. Fear, combined with watchful, sleepless nights, reduced my system to such a state as to easily fall a prey to the acclimating fevers.

After I was aware of the fact that my husband could not venture to return to his home, I concluded to try and effect my escape the following June; but when that time arrived I was prostrated upon a bed of sickness. The stranger's hand pressed my aching brow, ministered to my wants, and in some degree mitigated my untold sorrows. Night after night the angel of death seemed hovering around my pillow. Death would then have been a welcome messenger, for near and dear friends were at so great a distance from me as to render life's journey a thorny, dreary path. During the Summer and Fall months I was an invalid, but I had resolved to leave my home as soon as I became convalescent. My physician told me that to effect a

speedy recovery the past must remain a blank, and I must look to a brighter future. Thus, with a few sympathizing friends around me, old father Time sped on very rapidly.

As soon as I found myself able to travel, I commenced preparations for my hazardous journey. My Union friends expostulated with me, entreated me not to be so rash; endeavored to lay before me the impossibility of traveling with security through the Confederacy. But I would not heed their expostulations. In vain they held forth every incentive for me to remain there. I had not heard from my husband since he left, and knew not whether he had met with success, or death by the hands of the rebels, therefore my intense anxiety to get away. But I am confident there is not one in a thousand would have undertaken the journey. I had very many things to take into consideration. My little boy was only one year and a few days old when I concluded to make my escape. The surrounding country was filled with men who had suspicion upon every traveler, whether male or female. It was with much difficulty I summoned courage sufficient to bear me through the obstacles I knew I would have to encounter on the way. The thought did not arise in my mind that I would have any serious trouble before leaving, although friends advised me not to let it be generally known throughout the town.

On Monday morning, Jan. 12th, 1863, while I was engaged in packing my trunk, the authorities notified me that if I attempted to go away they would have me arrested. I defiantly answered, if they kept me, Natchitoches would soon lay in ashes. Their base commands made me fearless, for I had also resolved to use a bayonet, the only weapon I had concealed, should they blockade the way for my departure. I knew I would meet with a slow, torturing death, if they detained me; therefore I was not slow to express my sentiments. In fact, I was determined to get away if I

must fight. The stage left town three times a week—Sunday, Tuesday and Friday, respectively. I concluded to start on the latter day, which was January 16th. On the morning of that day, while I was standing in my door, I saw a small body of men coming in the direction of my dwelling. I soon perceived my house was their destination. For a moment I lost all self-control, for I well knew their object was to prevent me from going on that evening; but intrepidity and fearlessness predominated. I offered up a silent prayer to God in behalf of those base wretches, for apparently they were polished demons. In less time than it takes me to write it, those men confronted me, inquired if I was going away without permission from the proper authorities, to which I responded in the affirmative. They then informed me that a guard would be stationed around my house, and it was their positive orders that I should remain. I hastened into the house, quickly returned with my child in my arm, and solemnly and candidly put the question to them: "Was it their intention to punish me and my child because they did not get my husband? Was it possible they could be so ignominious, so debased, as to commit such a crime? Were they not men of families, too, and would it be their wish to have them thus situated?" Ah! no such suggestions ever arose within their excited minds. Why? Because the South was their home—their families were around them; no hand as yet had attempted to sever, but instead, all was peace and quietude, so far as they and theirs was concerned. Such a query was never before presented to them. Their hearts relented—they could not behold it as a plausible act; therefore, it was with unbounded gratitude that I saw them retrace their steps, and bid me go unmolested. At seven o'clock on the evening of the same day, I bid adieu to my friends. The sorrow at seeing me go alone was depicted in their countenances, but I was in some degree happy in the prospect of leaving there without further molestation.

The night on which I started was a dark and dreary one, but I remained undaunted, with gospel measure of intrepidity and courage. I knew I could surmount the various obstacles I would meet with on my way. My intended route was to Vicksburg, from thence to Memphis, and then to Freeport, Illinois, where I expected to meet my husband, who had a brother living at the latter place.

On Saturday evening, January 17th, I arrived at Alexandria, on Red River, just in time for a boat to Vicksburg. Fortune favored me thus far, for had I listened to the persuasions of my friends I left behind, I would have been obliged to return. They entreated me not to start on Friday, but I was thus impressed, that if I did not go on that day, success would not attend my efforts. The boat that left Alexandria on the above named evening, was the last that went to Vicksburg. Thus the careful reader can perceive what my situation would have been if I had not followed my own inclinations, for there was no other route for me to take to get North than by way of Vicksburg. The country through Arkansas and Missouri was literally lined with rebels; thus it was impossible for a lady to travel in that direction.

In sailing down Red River I will note some peculiarities connected with it. In the first place the geographical name should be "crooked river," for we go but a short distance before the boat turns to the right or left, and I particularly noticed its course continued thus to its mouth. The water presents a muddy appearance. For many miles on either side there is naught to be seen but brushwood and trees; in fact it has the appearance of a dreary wilderness. Occasionally a few plantations would appear in sight, and some presented an attractive appearance, while many others were repulsive to the sight. Apparently their yards and gardens were the objects of their labors; all care and attention were bestowed upon them by

their servants, while the dwellings were in many instances neglected. On entering the Mississippi there is a striking contrast in the color of the water; then it is that the Red River appears the color of its name, when it mingles with the clear water of the great Mississippi. In sailing up the latter river there is not so much monotony—the plantations are close and more attractive. In a word, the traveler derives much pleasure in standing upon the deck and viewing the surrounding country, and contrasting it with the onward flow of the father of waters.

While passing Grand Gulf I could form some idea of the ravages of war. This place is situated along the Mississippi, and was evidently a prosperous town prior to the rebellion, but now a mass of ruins, having been destroyed by a portion of the Federal army. At that time it was the only place along the Mississippi, below Vicksburg, which exhibited devastation and utter ruin. We arrived at Vicksburg on Wednesday night, January 21st. On the following morning, the first building that attracted my attention was the Washington Hotel. It faces the river, and is situated not many yards from the bank. I had been requested by a number on board the boat to try and see if I could be accommodated at the above named hotel. The first day I succeeded in fixing myself in comfortable quarters, but at no little expense, as boarding was at the rate of four dollars per day.

On Friday, January 23d, I made known my intentions, which were to obtain a passport to Memphis, Tennessee. Several officers told me they thought it an impossibility, but advised me to see the commanding General, which was Pemberton. I accordingly went to his headquarters, and saw him personally—put the question to him if he would grant me a pass to Memphis. The cold, freezing answer he gave me, I shall never forget: "Madam, if all Mississippi would petition to send you thither, I would not allow you to

go." His austere manner caused the blood to freeze in my veins, and for a moment my lips were sealed. I knew it would be absurd for me to plead, yet I did relate, as briefly as possible, my past history, and referred to the present, but his heart remained unmoved, and he answered: "Madam, private affairs have nothing to do with public." Thus all hopes of getting to Memphis were frustrated, and I returned to my boarding house to weep over my discomfiture; but I resolved not to be disconcerted over my present misfortunes, but with an eye fixed on Him who disposes our every plan, concluded to persevere; yet it was a great trial. I felt as if it could not be endured alone, without any earthly sympathy, and had it not been for the assisting grace of God, I should have fallen beneath the burden. I was soon convinced that to get away from Vicksburg as soon as an opportunity afforded, would be my safest and surest plan, but I was at a loss to know which direction to take. Being very much fatigued with my journey thus far, I concluded to remain there for a few days to recruit. Meanwhile my little boy displayed symptoms of the croup, which caused very much uneasiness on my part; he required my most careful attention, and when he became convalescent, my weary, anxious brain, yielded to the fevered touch, and two weeks were numbered with the past ere I was able to set out anew on my jouruey, and was uncertain whither to go. I trust those who peruse these few pages may never experience the heart-breaking trial of being sick, not in a stranger's land, but I may say, hostile country, where there are no sympathizing friends, no familiar voice to mitigate your sorrows. It was useless for me to plead for attention; the rebs at Vicksburg would sooner administer to the wants of a negro than one whom they supposed to be their enemy.

During my stay at this place, refugees from New Orleans were arriving daily and stopping at the same

hotel. There was one female refugee in whom I ventured to confide. I inquired of her if she could give me some information respecting the route to New Orleans. She told me in order to get there I must exercise the utmost caution, for the rebs would not allow persons to go there if they would know it. In thus conversing with her, I discovered she was my friend, consequently I looked up to her as a child would to a fond and doting parent. The state of the weather while here was exceedingly unpleasant; heavy rains had fallen which made the roads almost impassable.

On the morning of the 31st I left Vicksburg en route for Ponchatoula, a small village, a distance of forty-seven miles from New Orleans. What fears and conjectures I felt on my way thither no tongue could utter; the fearful uncertainty of meeting with success was what racked my fevered brain.

It was late in the evening when the cars arrived at Jackson, Mississippi, and I could go no further that night. I therefore took lodgings at the Confederate House, a very large building near the railroad. On entering the parlor there was every indication of being poor accommodations, for apparently the building was crowded. I knew that it would be very unpleasant to sit all night in the parlor with a little child; however I resolved to submit to my fate. I applied for a room for the night only, which was granted. I then felt there were some compassionate hearts yet amongst even rebels.

There were many soldiers encamped around and near the city. Their dejected and forlorn appearance is so indelibly stamped upon my memory that it will take years to erase it?

It is my opinion no one can realize the horrors of war in any degree, unless they have seen the poor worn out soldiers. I there had a good opportunity of seeing them in their tents, cooking their own scanty

to go to Baltimore, they replied it could not be granted, and told the guard to pass us back over the river. I was not prepared for a reception like this.

Can the reader picture himself in my situation. Almost two months I traveled through the Confederacy to get to the Union lines, and then must hear the command to return. This was too much for my weary brain to endure. I cried, I plead, but apparently in vain. At last I related my husband's escape from the far South, and some of my adventures; still they remained unmoved. Colonel Schley inquired of me what part of Pennsylvania I wished to go to, when I answered to Marietta. He informed me he had friends and acquaintances living in the town of Marietta, and if I described them he would grant me a pass to go on to Baltimore, which I did to his entire satisfaction. This was all that saved me from being sent back to the rebel lines.

They subsequently informed me that very many rebel women came to them with pitiful tales, in order to get to Baltimore, and then would do all in their power to injure the Federal cause, and carry important information back to the rebels.

Mrs. Cooper was not permitted to go on to Baltimore, but was sent back over the river. I remained at Point of Rocks until my child was convalescent. On Tuesday, the 3rd day of March, I was put on board the cars destined for Baltimore. At the latter place I tarried all night, as I promised Mrs. Cooper to go to her daughter's and inform her family of her disappointment.

On the 4th I took the cars for York, Pa, from there to Wrightsville and Columbia, at which place I arrived at two o'clock, a distance of three miles from the home of my childhood. I could not possibly wait for the evening train. I therefore concluded to hire a conveyance to take me to Marietta.

On passing over Columbia hill, my thoughts were

very busy. Was I so near that home from which I had been separated for nearly two years?

In the fall of 1860, Mr. Clare and I had left the home of my childhood for the sunny South. Two years previous to our marriage, Mr. Clare emigrated South—there succeeded in business, and then returned to take me to the beautiful home he had erected in Natchitoches, Louisiana. Although some of the Southern States had seceded, yet he trusted and vainly hoped Louisiana would remain true to the flag. But oh what a change within two years!—he obliged to leave his once happy home and escape for his life, and I to return alone without him who had been my light, my earthly all. What a contrast! We did not dream such would be our fate when the Cahawba sailed from New York city, touched at Havana, and finally conveyed us safely to New Orleans. No, reader, such we did not anticipate; bright indeed were our prospects at the beginning, but by this cruel and wicked rebellion all were crushed.

My parents heartily welcomed me home, and my first impulse was to ascertain if Mr. Clare had succeeded in getting to the Union lines. On writing to his brother, who resides in Freeport, Illinois, I was duly informed my husband was safe and in the Union army. When he left the South, he told me if he was fortunate he would go to Freeport, therefore I knew where to write. I was here but a few weeks when I got a letter from one whom I feared was lost. How mysterious are the workings of the Almighty. He had rescued my husband, myself and little child, from a tyranny no tongue could describe. His joy was inexpressible when he knew his wife and child were safely landed in Pennsylvania.

Very few in the North can realize the heart-rending trial of leaving those who are so dear, in a hostile country—how many hundreds have been compelled to do it. Mr. Clare knew he could not with safety re-

meals, and contrasted in my own mind their present situation to that of three years ago. What a fearful contrast!—brought on these poor illiterate people by a diabolical class of men who wanted to crush the poor man and sink him beneath the level of the negro; but the victim could not see it—thus their delusion. The sick were lying upon the ground, and in such crowds around the depot that one could with much difficulty get to the cars. Their clothing was all tattered and torn, and their general appearance was shabby in the extreme. The sight was too repulsive, and I was not sorry when the cars moved off, that I might leave those unpleasant scenes behind.

It was on Sabbath morning, Feb. 1st, I left Jackson, and late in the evening arrived at a small village called Meridian, situated along the railroad. I do not know the distance from Jackson to the latter place. The cars did not run farther that night, consequently I was obliged to tarry there until morning. At 7 o'clock, a. m., I again took the cars which conveyed me to Ponchatoula, arriving there on the same day about 2 o'clock, p. m.

From Vicksburg to the latter place I had great difficulty to take charge of my large traveling trunk. There were no checks given, consequently I was obliged to see it put on board the cars at every station, which was an exceedingly unpleasant task. At 1 o'clock on the 2nd of Feb., I arrived at the end of my journey in the cars in that direction, and was highly elated with my success thus far, for I was then only forty-seven miles from the city. I was aware of the fact, that once safely lodged in New Orleans, I could be easily transported to my former home in the North. Before I could proceed further I was informed of an arrangement which troubled me in a great measure. It was the following: A pass I must procure from Colonel Miller before I could leave, to proceed further on my journey southward. I was aware of

the fact that I could not get a pass to go into the city, but to Madisonville, from which place I could bribe some one to convey me to the city, or put me on a flag of truce boat. On applying for a pass the Colonel suspected me at once, for he had orders from headquarters not to allow any person, whether male or female, to pass to New Orleans. But I used my utmost endeavors to make him believe that Madisonville was my place of destination. He finally told his clerk to write me a pass, meantime he scrutinized and questioned me very closely; he told me that if I should attempt to get to the city I would be arrested forthwith and sent back to Vicksburg as a prisoner. The latter assertion created fear on my part, and in that unguarded moment divulged my real intentions. He at once revoked my pass, and showed me it was not in his power to allow me to go farther. I plead with him in vain, for he said if he would go contrary to orders he would be court-martialed.

The reader cannot for a moment picture in his or her imagination my situation. I could not have felt the disappointment more keenly if he had read me my death warrant. There I was; I could not go forward, and to return over the same road was like going to my grave. It was a piece of foolhardiness on my part to divulge my secret intentions, but I was not aware of the stringent orders, else I would run the risk of being arrested. I thought anything was preferable to being taken prisoner. Probably the reader will doubt the veracity of the latter assertion, and think the rebs would not deprive a lady of her freedom for no other offence than evading military power; it is a fact however that cannot be contradicted.

At three o'clock the same day I thought it expedident to return to Camp Moore, or some other place; for candidly I knew not whither to go or what to do. However, I concluded to go no farther back than the latter place, and from there try to get to Port

Hudson, and then take a boat and return to my home on Red River. These were my conclusions, but I was uncertain whether they would be verified. Oh, the thought of returning, almost crushed my already drooping spirits; but I knew it was no time to despond; that if such was my fate I must submit.

From Camp Moore I took a private conveyance to the town of Clinton, Louisiana. My route thither is inexplicable. I felt it would be most desirable to go back to my home again, rather than be traveling through such a country; at every revolution of the wheels I expected to be overturned. When within about one mile of Clinton the axle-tree broke, then it was my worst fears were realized. Night was fast coming on and I scarcely knew what to do; there I was with my little child in the midst of a swamp, and the driver frightened to such an extent that his first impulse was to leave the horse and conveyance. I saw, however, that I must alight and extricate myself and child the best I could.

In fancy's eye, the reader can picture me wading through the water a foot in depth, three quarters of a mile; really I presented a ludicrous appearance; but there was no other remedy but to persevere amid all my difficulties.

My heart was cheered when I arrived at Clinton, and found myself seated beside a comfortable fire in a private dwelling. On the following day I was informed of the impossibility of returning to my home, for no boats were permitted to ascend the river after the first of February. Therefore, there was no other alternative but to remain there under the expense of four dollars per day, or invent some plan to get out of the Confederacy.

While thus meditating upon my deplorable situation, a family, consisting of a mother and six children, took lodgings in the same dwelling. According to their statement, they had been residing in West-

ern Virginia since the breaking out of the rebellion. The father had been transacting business in Texas two years prior to their emigrating thither, and he concluded to have his family brought there also.

I thought it passing strange they would go so far south at such a perilous time; however, I did not make any inquiries respecting their affairs. I only communicated to them my past and present history, and hoped they could inform me of some plan which would enable me to get to my parents' home in the North.

The eldest son told me if I would go to Richmond, Va., I there could get a pass to go through the rebel lines. The mother urged me to venture; she laid before me the difficulties I would encounter on the way thither; the long and tedious route by the way of Mobile, Alabama. But with all this she advised me to persevere to my journey's end.

During their residence in Western Virginia, they had met very many ladies who had left the far South, and succeeded in getting a pass at Richmond, when they could not, under any circumstances, get one any where else in the Confederacy. Her statement encouraged me and I resolved to follow her advice.

In my solitude, I thus soliloquized: Why was it that on the eve of despondency, aid came from a source I would have least expected; from those who had been where I desired to go? Truly, a higher power than man directed their steps thither. I concluded to again set out on my journey, trusting in Him who thus far had graciously watched over me. I thought it expedient to leave Clinton the next day; but there was a touching incident transpired which detained me a day longer. I cannot pass it by unnoticed.

I was busily engaged in arranging the various articles in my trunk for present use, when I was startled by the moans of some one in great distress. On inquiring into the cause, I was informed by the lady of

the house that she had admitted a wounded soldier into the house and apparently his life was fast ebbing away. I requested her to conduct me to his room. He exhibited emotions of joy when we entered, for he felt he was not forsaken; not left to die alone. While beholding that pallid countenance, I could hear him feebly articulate, "my home in the North." I immediately informed him I was going North, and if his strength would permit, to hear him relate his past history. A ray of joy lit up his dying countenance and he at once proceeded.

He stated that a few years previous to the breaking out of the rebellion, he emigrated south as far as Jackson, Mississippi, there succeeded in business, and when this wicked rebellion was inaugurated, his first impulses were to return to his parents' home in the North; but he delayed too long and was conscripted. He stated he had frequently meditated upon the plan of deserting, but could not find a favorable opportunity; and in a recent battle had been fatally wounded in the side.

During this recital he apparently labored under the most excruciating pain. He tried to utter the names of the loved ones, but his voice faltered. The strength he had summoned to speak to me was well nigh exhausted. I pointed him to Jesus; but he assured me by a look I shall never forget, that his peace was made with God, and he was going home to dwell with Jesus. With a countenance lit up with gratitude and resignation, his spirit departed. We shed a tear over him for his mother and gently closed his eyes in death. I beheld that dust, sacred to other eyes, with sympathy. I could not forget those who would mourn for him. They could not smooth his dying pillow, or minister to his last earthly desire. Could I turn a cold cheek to such a fellow being? Ah, no, to him death was robbed of its terrors, when he knew there were some to watch his last moments with a mother and sister's care. I left that place solemnly impressed that there

are many vacant chairs and cheerless firesides; many who must breathe their last moments far from the loved ones at home.

On arriving at Camp Moore I was there advised to take the cars to Canton, Mississippi, and there try to run the blockade to Memphis. I thought if I could succeed in that direction it would be the most desirable route, as that would not be one-fourth the distance to Richmond. I took the train to Canton and was delayed there one night; meantime I made many inquiries concerning the route. All told me not to venture any further in that direction, as I would be incurring great risks. I therefore concluded to go to Richmond, and not say anything to any person where I was going or what my intention was. Accordingly, I got on board the cars the following morning for Mobile.

On my route thither, the question was put to me if I had a pass to Richmond, which I answered in the negative. I was then told that I could proceed no farther on my journey than Mobile, if I had no pass. This caused great anxiety on my part, for I did not relish the expense and trouble of returning over the same road. The reader can readily imagine it was exceedingly annoying and expensive to go the distance of four or five hundred miles, and then be sent back over the same road again with a little child, together with a great deal of baggage. However, I resolved to devise some plan to go on from Mobile.

The hostess of the Canada house suggested to me to proceed at once to the Provost Marshal's office, and ask for a pass to Richmond, for I could not get on board the boat on the bay without one. At the same time she advised me not to divulge my real intentions. If I did I would not be allowed to proceed any farther on my journey. I accordingly did as I was directed; went to the officer and immediately made known my business. He inquired of me my reasons for going to Richmond. I was obliged to tell an un-

truth; but was I not justifiable in so doing, when if they had been aware of the fact that I was going to Pennsylvania, they would have compelled me to stay. After telling him I had a sister residing there, who had sent for me, and she was the only relative I had in the Confederacy, I implored him with tears to grant me a pass, which he did, at the same time he scrutinized me very closely. He told me that many females had made application for a pass, representing themselves to be truly loyal, who were traitors at heart, therefore they were obliged to be on their guard.

I left Mobile on the first boat, Feb. 10th, sailed up the bay ten or fifteen miles, and then took the cars for Montgomery, Alabama. On board that train there were a great many distressed looking women. On inquiring the cause I was told they were the wives of rebel soldiers. Their scanty wages could not purchase the necessaries of life, and their situation was truly deplorable. With much satisfaction I could not help contrasting my situation with theirs.

I arrived at Montgomery at two o'clock, a. m., and was taken to one of the first class hotels, to await the morning train. I applied for a room, which at first was refused me, as all the rooms were occupied at the time. I asked the landlady if she would not try to accommodate me until morning, which, after a great deal of trouble on her part she succeeded, and escorted me to her room, which appeared to be a very comfortable one. I soon discovered the room had been occupied, but the occupants had left. After examining every corner of the room I felt secure; but that very moment I heard distinct sounds, as of some one sleeping soundly, in the very room which I stood. I knew I was alone, yet from whence could those sounds proceed? I am confident it did not proceed from an adjoining room, for the thickness of the wall was two feet; it was too audible to be any place but alongside of me. I never laid my weary head for a

moment upon the pillow, but walked the room from the time I entered until daybreak. I concluded it was ominous of some unseen event. The reader can picture himself in the same unpleasant situation in a strange house, where no familiar face could be seen, and hear such death-like sounds where no one was visible. I could not pass by this short but unpleasant experience which I had at the city of Montgomery.

In passing through Alabama and Georgia, the country appeared deserted; nearly all business was suspended; occasionally you would see some laboring men, but the majority had gone to war. Luxuries of any kind were very scarce. At Augusta, Georgia, I paid $1 for one dozen apples. I traveled day and night through the above States, but I did not make much progress, as the cars went at the rate of fifteen miles an hour.

On arriving at Columbia, South Carolina, my attention was attracted by the regularity of the streets and sidewalks; beautiful trees adorned the latter, which gave the city a picturesque appearance. The cities in all the Southern States appeared to me a great deal smaller than some of the flourishing towns in the North. My journey continued uninterrupted until I arrived at Petersburg, Va.; there the military authorities tried to prevent me from going farther; but after much perseverance and pleading, they let me go; probably they were glad to get rid of me, for I resolved not to give them any rest if they detained me.

I arrived at Richmond on Wednesday, Feb. 18th. I cannot recollect the street in which I stopped, but I well remember the Arlington House was opposite to my private boarding house. After many inquiries concerning a pass, I was told to proceed at once to General Winder, and relate to him my past and present history, and without a doubt he would grant a pass to go through their lines. On Thursday, Feb.

19th, I went to his office; it was exceedingly embarrassing for me to make my way through that host of rebel soldiery, who were crowded around and in his office, but I was compelled to persevere in order to have an interview with the General. I found him very affable and also communicative. When I asked him for a pass, he told me I must state my reasons in writing, and also hand my references. I accordingly went to my boarding house, secured pen, ink and paper, and wrote as briefly as possible the trials I experienced on my way thither; why I left the far South, and finally stated that my parents were residing in Pennsylvania, and it was my desire to get to them. I never alluded to my husband, for had he been aware of the fact, that he (my husband) had left the South and gone North, I would have been denied the privilege of leaving the Confederacy. At four o'clock, p. m., I took my paper to him; he told me they would act upon it that night. I was therefore obliged to remain another night in suspense. On the following morning I again made my appearance at the office. Oh, what a burden was removed when Lieutenant Brown received orders from General Winder to give me a pass to leave Richmond, and go through their lines. They inquired of me how I intended leaving, as it was impossible to send me on a flag of truce boat, for the Federals would not receive any ladies who were sent to their lines. They informed me if I had arrived two weeks sooner, my chances would have been good to be sent in that way, but as it was, I was too late. I then felt my troubles were not yet at an end.

The reader will perceive in the following pages, that running the blockade was indeed a hard road to travel. I kindly put the question to General Winder if he could not tell me which direction I should take to get to the Federal lines. He advised me to take the cars for Culpepper Court House, and informed me that the latter place was as far as I could travel in the cars

in the Confederacy. On the morning of the 21st of February, 1863, I left Richmond, bound for Culpepper Court House, at which place I arrived at five o'clock, p. m.

At Gordonsville, a place situated between Richmond and Culpepper, the passengers changed cars; and while at the depot, I met a lady who was traveling the same direction. We accordingly went in company from there. On arriving at the town of C., we took lodgings at Mr. Payne's hotel. After inquiring for a conveyance to travel farther, we were informed it would be exceedingly difficult to get one, as the roads were very bad and very few would venture to travel. This was by no means encouraging, as we were very tired and desired to get to our journey's end.

According to Mrs. Cooper's statement she had been to Savannah to see her son, and was now on her way home to Baltimore. She could not get on a flag of truce boat, therefore she was obliged to take the same route I was going.

On Sabbath morning, Feb. 22d, we arose from our slumbers with heavy hearts. As far as the eye could reach the earth was covered with a mantle of snow, and the flakes still continued to descend. We however concluded to start amid the storm, if we could get a conveyance. We dare not consult comfort, else we must stay and not proceed on our journey. We succeeded in getting a rough wagon with six horses. The wagoner agreed to take us forty miles, but when he saw my large traveling trunk, he said he would not bargain to take it, for the roads were almost impassable and he would be obliged to dislodge it ere we got to our journey's end. I felt very reluctant about leaving a trunk that contained so many valuables. Oh, my heart ached to leave it, for it cost me a great deal of trouble and expense thus far on my journey, and also the articles which the trunk contained could not be purchased for less than three hundred

dollars. Ah, that was a loss that could not be easily sustained, but I felt I had better leave it than not proceed. We traveled twenty miles that day amid the cold and snow. I suffered exceedingly in endeavoring to keep my child comfortable. The first night we stopped at a little village called Sperryville. The inmates of the hotel had three children lying sick with the scarlet fever. We left the following morning at daylight, for I feared my little boy would fall a victim to that disease if we delayed. We made very slow progress, as the roads were almost impassable. The mud in Pennsylvania would not bear any comparison to this.

When we arrived two miles beyond Gaines' Cross Roads, our wagon became so deeply imbedded in the mud, snow and water, that the horses were not able to extricate an empty wagon. We were obliged to alight and go on foot to the first farm house. The wagoner kindly offered to take my child on his horse, or I should have perished, for in many places along the road there were two feet of water in depth. We traveled thus for two miles ere we reached a farm house. On applying for admittance we were refused, and night was fast approaching. The old lady, who appeared to be the only occupant, told us she had nothing wherewith to accommodate us. Outwardly, the building was a fine one, and we were loth to credit her assertion. We endeavored to persuade her to lodge us only for the night, if it was on the floor. Ere we took our leave of the ungenerous, heartless woman, her son appeared and bade us enter and share with them their homely meals. Not long since they had servants and everything the heart could desire, but they stated the Federal army had been that direction and consequently they were brought to feel the ravages of war.

On the following morning we expressed a desire to go farther on our journey. Mr. Fletcher kindly offered

to send us to the next village, which was Keyesville. We thanked him and accepted the generous offer. At the latter place we tarried all night, and the following day succeeded in getting away without difficulty. We could not prevail upon any one to convey us to the Federal lines, but only to the next village, which was about the distance of fifteen miles. Thus on arriving at each village, we were compelled to look out for farther transportation.

From Keyesville we were taken as far as Salem, then at the latter place we employed another to take us to Middleburg. At Salem we had very great difficulty to get farther. The road from there to Middleburg was so very bad that we were afraid to undertake the trip. We however succeeded in getting a two-horse carriage, with a negro driver. He took great precaution, yet we were in great danger of being overturned. We finally arrived at Middleburg without harm. At the latter place we were under the necessity of remaining several days; no team could be procured to convey us to Leesburg, Va. Finally a resident of the latter place had been to Salem and was returning home. We took passage on board his little one-horse wagon. The road to Leesburg was exceedingly rough. While on our way thither my child displayed symptoms of scarlet fever. On arriving at the village I called in a physician who pronounced it measles. He told me I should not venture to travel unless I kept the child warm.

On the following morning we got on board an open spring wagon, which took us to the Potomac, opposite the Point of Rocks, whither the Federal troops were stationed. On landing on the Maryland shore there was a guard to take us to the Provost Marshal's office. The Captain of the Federal Company knew the lady who was my companion. He knew her secesh principles, and at once suspicioned me for being one also. When we entered and applied for permission

main with his little family, and he also knew he would not nor could not escape being conscripted; therefore he had to leave all that was near and dear behind, and escape for his life.

In conclusion, I will add the following narrative of Mr. Clare's escape through rebeldom and his safe arrival within the Union lines. He wrote it while in camp, and then forwarded it to me, and for general satisfaction to his friends and acquaintances, I commit it to the perusal of those who may chance to purchase my little book of Adventures in the South.

PART II.

On Monday morning, the 28th of April, 1862, a party (seventy-eight in number) came to arrest us at John A. Shelton's house. One of our number communicated our intended departure to the Provost Marshal and other officers of the town, and forthwith they sent out a party to arrest us on the above named morning; for at that time no man could leave the place without a pass, and our intention was to leave as soon as we could get our Union men together, but we were thwarted in our designs and a goodly number were left behind.

Murphy, William Shelton and myself, were about half a mile from the house. Shelton, Sr., took his horse in the morning to reconnoitre. I gave my horse to Lansphear to go to town with Kuhn, and heard nothing from them since. Shelton's son-in-law came home just about the time the arresting party arrived there; he attempted to run through the hall, when Denny Murky shot at him, and arrested him. We heard the report of the gun and cries of women and children. We started immediately and took refuge in a thick bush-wood, determined to sell our lives as dearly as possible. William Shelton went in search of his father and both returned about 4 o'clock, p. m. We then took a new position, close to Mrs. Peck's house—a Union lady whose husband was in Indiana, and

through her children and Shelton's folks found out our place of shelter, and after dusk she brought us our horses. About the same time Jenkins and Charles Breadlove joined us. We then, with that small number, started for the United States in an opposite direction, through Spanishtown, and about three o'clock in the morning we encountered two Spaniards coming from a ball or fandango. We took to the bush and frightened them so that they ran their horses at full speed. We continued on the Texas road until morning, when we left the road to feed and rest a few hours; then we continued our march, but not on the road until night, as we wished to avoid meeting any person.

The 30th we spent in hunting a ferry on Bayou Rine, but did not succeed until the following morning. When about to pass a large plantation residence, an old gentleman came out and inquired to what regiment we belonged. Shelton, Sr., told him a good tale about taking a few of his neighbor boys with him, intending to join a guerrilla party, which satisfied him. He gave us a good breakfast and as much provisions as we could carry on our horses, then went with us to the river and had his negroes to cross us on his own ferry, and sent his overseer to pilot us through the overflow of Bayou Pierre and Red River.

The same day we crossed Red River twelve miles below Shreveport, and stopped all night at Mr. Arden's, recommended by Mr. Fern, the former gentleman. When we halted at Mr. Arden's gate, his wife came out and almost fainted, having taken us for Yankees. When she found out her mistake, she invited us in and gave us a good supper. While at supper Mr. Arden came in with two gentlemen. One of them was Tom Finch, who used to clerk for one of my friends at Natchitoches. The old lady introduced me as Mr. Brown, Murphy as John Jones, Shelton, Sr., as John Bush, and Shelton, Jr., as William Hawk. I forget the assumed names of Jenkins and Breadlove. However, Finch never suspected me of running away.

We started on our journey the following morning, Finch as our pilot. He separated from us after we got out of the overflow. Now for the transactions that occurred between that and the town of Shiloh. We lodged in the woods a few miles from Shiloh. Jenkins was then on foot, his horse having broken down somewhere near Homer. When we got to Shiloh we thought there were too many horses tied to the fences for an every day occurrence. After passing the town we were overtaken by a soldier armed to the teeth. He inquired our business and returned to the town. We continued on and

crossed the Saline River, and took dinner with a man of Southern rights. After dinner two men rode up to the house fully armed, called old Shelton out, and remarked that the country was in danger, New Orleans was taken, and that he knew nothing of us, whether we were friend or foe, and he thought it no more than right to ascertain whom we were and where we were going, and that a loyal citizen could certainly not find fault with them for that. While they were conversing thirty or forty armed citizens came up. Shelton told them that he was born in Alabama, had lived in Mississippi, Arkansas and Louisiana, and named different towns in which he had lived in those States. He described the towns and citizens, and even the parents of some of these men, and satisfied them that we were loyal citizens of the South. They invited us to stay with them a few days before going into the army. Of course, under the circumstances, we could not accept of the invitation, but inquired the nearest and best crossing of the river. Unfortunately we missed the road and did not find Mow Landing, the crossing recommended to us, until the next day. The river was so high that it took us all day to cross it and Lake Bristend, which set us safe in Arkansas.

We camped in the swamp all night, and next morning continued our journey towards Warren. When within six miles of the place, we concluded that traveling with arms and in a body was unsafe, because we attracted too much attention. Shelton thought it was impossible to get to the United States, and persuaded Murphy to go with him to his brother Jim Shelton's, and remain there until the Federal troops came down iuto that country. They (the Federals) were theu at Batesville, on their way to Little Rock. Breadlove went back towards Natchitoches, Jenkins went towards the Mississippi River to his friends, and I started on my own hook for the United States. When within half a mile of Warren I took the Pine Bluff road, traveled twelve miles on this road, and stopped with a good Union man named Moseby. He did not like to keep soldiers in his house. I told him my horse was tender-footed and could not travel any farther. He consented at last, but did not think a Northern man should go into the rebel army, which were my sentiments, but I did not dare tell him.

The following morning I continued on the Pine Bluff road. When within six miles of the river the buffalo gnats almost eat me and my horse up. The same day I met James Alexander, from Grand Ecore; he carried the mail between Pine Bluff and Warren; fortunately he did not recognize me. That night I lodged with a poor family,

seven miles from Pine Bluff. The wife strongly suspicioned me of being a Yankee spy. I overheard her tell her husband that such were her thoughts. Not being able to make the change, he concluded to go with me to town for his change, which did not suit me, for there was a regiment of Texan Rangers there. My intention had been to pass outside the pickets, but as the case stood, I did not dare to display any fear. However, he saddled his mule, and we started out in company. After going a short distance from the house, his mule became stubborn and threw him. If ever I wished a man bad luck, it was him—for I hoped he would break his neck, so I could pass by the town. He almost concluded to go back as he was afraid his mule would hurt him. He finally picked up courage, remounted and continued on the road to town. On arriving there we found all excitement—the whole country was there. The Yankee gunboats were coming to take their cotton. They were busy preparing it for burning. Piles as large as houses were ready to be set on fire the minute the gunboats came in sight. My horse needed shoeing badly, and to make it suit to get change to pay my friend, I had my horse shod, settled my bill and left on the Little Rock road. The troops were encamped on this road about twelve miles from town. I passed their camp without any suspicion or meeting any pickets.

I traveled on this road until dark, when I drew up to a saw mill. Thinking it dangerous to travel on a military road, I inquired the distance to the river and ferry, which I was informed was four miles, through a swamp, to a Mr. Brown's on the river. A miserable road it was, but circumstances compelled me to make it that night; stayed all night with Mr. Brown; spent part of the next day in search of the ferry; crossed the Arkansas River about noon and continued in the direction of Little Rock, through cane-brakes and swamps; reached Little Rock about dusk on the north side of the river. There were a great many troops here. As I passed by the depot the river bank and ferry were crowded with people. I passed through, avoiding getting into conversation with any person, and found a road opposite the ferry leading in a northern direction; took this road and made thirteen miles before stopping for the night; lay down in a miserable wilderness, with wolves and wild cats screaming all night; inquired in the morning at the first house, and found myself on the Fort Smith road; ascertained a by-road to the Clinton road, which saved eight or ten miles traveling; reached the Clinton road about noon, where I fell in company with a man who was in search of rebel horses, who gave me information

about the road. At night I missed the road and lay in an old stable until morning, when I inquired at the first house and found myself on the Batesville road; stopped at the next house on the same road with a Mr. Ingraham; took breakfast with them, and soon found them suspicious of me being a conscript going to the Federal army; told me they had arrested two men as spies the day before on that road, and that if I was a good and loyal citizen I would not travel on that road, and asked if I did not meet five men going to Little Rock, which brought to my memory the fact of being questioned the previous day as to my business in those parts, which I had answered very awkwardly, but found it to be a good tale. The same story, of course, I told to Mr. Ingraham—that my brother was wounded at the battle of Pea Ridge, (Elk Horn they call it there) was left at a farmer's house, and had partly recovered; that my name was John Miller, and I had an uncle living in the neighborhood of Carlton, to which place I intended to get my brother.

After breakfast, not having my mind made up as to which road I should take, I mounted my horse at the gate, when a gentleman came from the opposite side of the road, and inquired of me if I was going to travel that road; understanding it, I turned round and inquired a by-road to the Clinton road. I took the by-road in company with a man by the name of Ebernethy, who informed me that he was a Union man, and that their intention was at Ingraham's to arrest me if I traveled any farther on the Batesville road. This gave me so much confidence in the fellow, that I told him my intention was to go to the Union army. He said he intended to do the same if they put the conscript law in force there.

My horse being completely fagged out, foot-sore, shoeless and poor, I asked him to trade, to which he replied he would if I remained there until he sent out for his pony, which was running in the range. I consented and went with him to the field to prevent suspicion by the rebel neighbors.

While there his brother John Ebernethy came home and gave me an offer to trade horses. After considerable lying and joking on both sides, we traded, agreeing to pay me twenty-five dollars in the bargain, with a good tale to travel on, which was a history of his family and country about Holly Springs, Mississippi; also agreed if I was arrested above to refer them to him to substantiate my tale.

Being very much fatigued with exposure, I inquired for an out of the way place to stop and recruit. He directed me to a man's house at the foot of the mountains, whom he represented to be a good Union man, but a very ignorant person,

which I found to be the case to my satisfaction; took boarding for a few days; while there, I was strongly suspected by Mr. Williams' rebel neighbors of being a Yankee spy. I prepared myself by writing a letter, dated at Cross Hollow, directed to myself at Natchitoches, La. To prevent suspicion by my landlord, I read the letter to him and his ignorant family. They sympathized with me and soon informed their neighbors of my having papers with me to pass me anywhere in the Confederacy. I remained there until I ascertained all about the country above; started on my journey in a tremendous rain storm; Red River impassable. I followed down the stream to Thompson's mill; crossed in a flat boat, and employed a boy to pilot me through the woods to the Berrsville road, which saved going into Clinton; stopped late at night with a very nice old man on the mountains, twelve miles from Clinton. After trading horses with him, and mounted on a fine mustang pony, I felt myself able for the trip.

On arriving at Middle Fork, on Red River, I learned the river was not fordable; that a citizen living two miles above had a canoe for the purpose of ferrying. After calling some time I succeeded in getting the ferryman to listen to my request. He was engaged at work in a field on the opposite side of the river. He wanted to know if I intended to pay him for his trouble; if I could make the change; and my name, to which I replied my name was John Miller, and also offered to pay in advance. The lad felt a little taken down with his roughness. He apologized by saying the soldiers seldom paid him for anything and were coming there daily, keeping him from attending to his crop. He said his name was Miller also; that probably we were connected; that he had a cousin South of the same name, and there was a striking resemblance.

After crossing, he invited me to his house, which invitation I was compelled to decline, by stating that I had an engagement at Berrsville and would call when I returned the following day. I went on my way laughing at my complete success in humbugging the lad. I stopped about one mile south of Berrsville that night. I retired early and did not pay much attention to the family, and was on my journey early the following morning for Berrsville.

When almost within the limits of the town, I discovered a hand board pointing east to Batesville, seventy-five miles. I supposed there would be no difficulty in approaching the town by this road, so as quick as thought my mind was resolved to try it.

After travelling about five miles I inquired of a citizen the probability of getting to Memphis, Tennessee. He answered

there was no danger, that I could pass by Buck Horn without being molested by the Federals. I concluded to try farther on.

About nine o'clock, a. m., I met two citizens laying in the shade of a large oak by the road-side. One of them cried out, which way, stranger? I replied I was going to Memphis, that I had been trying above to get through to Springfield, Missouri, to get my wounded brother, and that the country above was literally lined with Yankees. I also stated that meeting with obstructions everywhere, I became discouraged and was trying to make my way to the river to get home by steamboat. They sympathized with me, but thought I could not get through that way safely, that the Federals were near, devastating the country; taking all the people possessed and then compelling them to take the oath of allegianec; that they were trying to raise a regiment to help drive out those Yankee thieves.

My situation this time was rather deplorable, for my horse had lost every shoe, and was getting tender-footed traveling. I was obliged to get him shod, if possible; so after getting the directions to the blacksmith shop I proceeded. Very soon I met another party, and another, to which I told the same tale. Finally I met an old gentleman who said he was patroling that road. I imagined myself under arrest. He listened to my story attentively, said he did not believe there were any Yankees between there and Batesville. But they (the rebs) had several companies of home guards at Richmond, twelve miles distant; that they would assist me in getting by the Yankees.

This information satisfied me that I had no business on that road among the home guards. After seeing the blacksmith and ascertaining that he had no iron, my only relief for my jaded animal was to dismount and retreat in good order and try some weaker point to get out of the Confederacy. Acting accordingly, I led my horse back to within a mile of Berrsville, and stopped for the night with a Baptist Minister.

After supper he remarked that blue cloth was a scarce article, and that the citizens supposed every person they met in blue dress was a Yankee. I told him he would find a tough one in me. He argued in favor of the Union, and I of the Confederacy, and at the same time I felt satisfied that he was a rebel at heart, trying to ascertain my true sentiments.

The following morning he offered to trade an old horse that suited my purpose, for my animal was not able to go farther. Mounted on another horse I resumed my journey to Berrsville. This town is a small inland village far from railway

or river. The dwellings principally are one-story log houses. I took the Carrolton road, crossed Buffalo branch about nine o'clock in the morning. This stream is about the size of Red River in La., and very rapid, being a mountain stream. After crossing I had sixteen miles of mountain road to travel ere I could reach a settlement.

About four o'clock, p. m., I came in sight of a beautiful little valley, along a creek; the name I have forgotten. The citizens were all in good circumstances—Southern rights men—the most of them refugees from Missouri. I knew these men were all spies, and therefore found it difficult to find quarters to suit me. It had been raining all day and I was wet to the skin. About dusk I stopped at an old house and asked for lodging. The old lady said they were poor and had but little, having had so much sickness in the family; that they moved from the interior of the State but recently. Yet she said I was perfectly welcome. Her husband, who was a minister, at first sight suspicioned me, and hinted at me being a conscript refugee, and would not listen to anything else. He informed me it was a dangerous undertaking to attempt to cross the lines. He professed to be a Union man, and of course I was compelled to be in opposition to him, but evidently he did not believe me.

When about to take my leave, he followed me to the road and told me to take his advice; that he had traveled through Kansas the time of its troubles, and favored no party in particular, but agreed with both. He said he had been up to Bellfont a few days since, and that there was a Home Guard there that would not permit any person to pass through to Springfield. He gave me the direction to Forsythe, but advised me to take the Carrolton road and not go around. Say nothing to any citizen, but evade all conversation and not even enquire for the road, but follow his directions.

Thanking the old man for these instructions, I traveled on, this being between the two armies. The citizens were all anxious to hear the news, but I did not have time to talk to them. Some said they had heard from discharged soldiers, that the North and South were negotiating for peace; they wished to know if it was true. I only replied I hope so.

I passed through Bellfont about noon. The rebel pickets were in a house eating dinner; fortunately not one saw me pass. I hurried on to the blacksmith's shop in sight of the Forsythe branch of the road. I found a number of citizens holding a consultation before the shop door. I at once concluded that must be a place of rendezvous for home guards. Two citizens rode up; one remarked I looked like a yankee;

see his blue pantaloons said the other. I took the pains to hide my blue coat under my blanket, and ride in my shirt sleeves like a citizen not far from home. I only bid them good morning, and rode on.

I found the Forsythe road in sight of this party, which compelled me to take the Carrolton road until out of their sight. I then took the bush across to the Forsythe road.

After passing several large farms, I heard the report of a gun in the direction of the smithshop. This gave me alarm and cause to hurry my pace, almost certain they mistrusted me for a spy and were on my track. To allay suspicion, I stopped with a farmer a few moments. He asked me to alight, and come in. I declined, and inquired the road to go around Forsythe to Missouri, and how far it was to where I could get lodgings for the night. He accordingly gave me the desired directions. While talking with him I was sitting very awkwardly on my horse, which gave me the appearance of having a short leg. He inquired if I was lame. I replied in the affirmative and started on. This relieved me partly of my fears, for they would not follow a lame conscript far beyond his house.

Very soon I met one of the home guards mounted and going in the direction of the smithshop. I asked of him the same information I did the farmer, and told him I was going to stop at Godey's for the night. I hurried on to the latter place and passed it. I knew a few hours more would set me inside the Union lines. There were eighteen miles of mountain road before me, with no inhabitants, and a very dark night, but I concluded it was safer on the mountains than at Godey's. After traveling nine miles I saw a large fire in the distance, which I supposed to be made by the rebel pickets. I approached very cautiously and dismounted to reconnoitre, but finally went up to the place and discovered it to be a flitting. They had quite a number of cattle and horses, which gave them the appearance of cavalry at a distance. I returned and remounted, rode up and asked to camp with them. One of them inquired how many there were of us. I answered I was alone; but he doubted, and said he was only moving those women down on the river. I said no more but led old grey to the fire, unsaddled and laid down without saying another word. I started out again before daylight. I now considered myself out of danger; stopped about twelve o'clock with a free negro, seven miles from Forsythe, to graze my horse and get my dinner, for I had nothing to eat for thirty-six hours. After dinner I went to Forsythe, stopped on the bank of the river with Mr. Snaps, and inquired if these

were Federal troops. He answered they were the Sixth Mississippi Cavalry.

About this time a soldier came from the rear of the house and wanted to know my business. I answered I was going to Springfield. He ordered me to dismount and come in, then he would hand me over to the Colonel. After dinner we crossed on the ferry, when he took me to the Federal headquarters. In a short time Colonel Wright made his appearance and inquired of me where I was going. I answered him. He said I should wait until morning, when he would send a guard with me. I had a short conversation with the Colonel about the condition of the country. Captain Herbert invited me to sup with him, and, being an honest looking fellow, I related to him my adventures. In a short time a guard appeared and arrested me, confining me in the guard-house with some bushwhackers. On the following morning I expected to get a hearing, but they only took me out to get my name. In the evening I told the guard I had a pistol, that they should take it and give me a receipt for it. This act had a tendency to remove all suspicion. The following morning they gave me a parole of honor and told me to report to Lieutenant Chambers. After reporting, they told me I was at liberty to go where I chose in camp. Accordingly I went to headquarters and had a jolly time with the officers. The Colonel informed me I was at liberty to go to Springfield. He offered me a letter of recommendation to his family, and assured me I would be perfectly welcome. I thanked him for his kindness and went to Springfield. Here they required me to take the oath of allegiance and gave me a passport to St. Louis. I took the cars at the latter place, from thence I took the steamboat to Quincy, Illinois. I remained there about one month; went to Rock Island by the river, then took the cars to Genesse; from there to Freeport, where my brother resides. I arrived at the latter place in June, being more than two months on my way thither; but I was very unhappy, knowing my little family was so far South; consequently, on the 14th day of October, 1862, I enlisted in the United States Army for the term of three years.